

Bagg (feat. Lil Yachty)

Young Dolph

[Hook: Young Dolph]

I got the streets

I got the juice

I got the weed, I got the drank, I got the coupe

I got the racks, I got the trap, I got the hoes

I got the strap, I got the hitters

Stay out my way, paper route business, hey!

I got the money (first you get the money)

I got the power (then you get the power)

We got the streets (hey, hey!)

Because they ours (uh-huh!)

I got the bag, I got the swag, I got the bag

'Bout to go spend a bag, 'bout to go spend a bag

Go spend a bag, 'bout to go spend a bag, hey! [Verse 1: Young Dolph]

What is that question you asked?

What is in my bookbag?

That's just a whole lot of cash

Or that's just a whole lot of swag

I just got back from England

I just made a mil in three months

I just smoked an ounce in three blunts

I pour lean in my grape blue punch

I never had shit so I stunt, flex

Half a million dollars worth of jewelry on while I'm havin' sex

Real street nigga playin' with paper

So I do it for the streets, fuck a hater

Yeah I threw the money on a stripper ho

But later on that night I fucked a waiter

'Bout to go spend me a bag

I'm 'bout to go spend me a bag

I'm 'bout to go fuck on your bitch

Take her overseas with me, she in first class

I'm 'bout to go spend me a bag

I'm 'bout to go spend me a bag

Boy that's a whole lot of swag

Gucci Timberlands with the matching rag [Hook: Young Dolph]

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 Go spend a bag, 'bout to go spend a bag, hey! [Verse 2: Lil Yachty]
 I got the the youth, I got the Benz
 Was gon' cop Bentley but then I got Maybach
 That boy ain't no soldier, he act like Pat Sajak
 A nigga so fresh that I smell just like Ajax
 Ooh, I got the bag
 I got the swag in a box filled with tags
 Show off my riches 'cause I came from rags
 Jacksonville shawty, my bitch drive a Jag
 Nigga run up, on my soul he'll get dragged
 I spend a whole lotta, Uzi scarf rap like I came from Al-Qaeda
 Fuck the rap game, I do not need no writers
 I know the shooters and hang with the fighters
 One kilo dab, I pipe up more than Rayu
 Piper viper viper, my bro keep a sniper
 Pop pop at your top
 Fuck around and run it up like I'm Guap
 Ay, never gon' stop
 Lil Boat take your worst day to the chop shop
 Over there on the east block
 He lives the thug life just like Pac
 I live the good life, I'm the don
 Young enough to be your mama's son
 But some hire mama's sons
 Still a nigga signing, fuck her older son
 Shout out Zaya, got my neck and wrist on pawn [Hook: Young Dolph]
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Go spend a bag, 'bout to go spend a bag, hey! [Verse 3: Young Dolph]
I pull up smokin' out the bag
I'm 'bout to go spend a bag
I count that money real fast
I wonder if that's her real ass
I'm on the E-way doin' the dash
All this ice on me looking like glass
These bitches they love me like [?]
In the trap I perfected my craft
Told you niggas ain't really [?]
Told you niggas ain't seeing us
Lost a quarter mil re'ing up
Niggas too slow, ain't keeping up
Sipping on Actavis
Drinking me a codeine daiquiri
Showed up late but fashionably
Every week is fashion week, yeah
Need a bad bitch that set it off like Jada
I don't wanna fuck, I want you to hold my sack, I'll pay you
In Pappadeaux eating alligator
My favorite app is a calculator
Yeah, I think I might go spend me a bag today my nigga [Hook: Young Dolph]
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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